

The Missile



JANUARY, 1915.

Petersburg High School
Petersburg, Virginia.

..... Contents.

Robert E. Lee—Poem—Mary C. McCaleb, '15	1
The Spirit of the New Year—G. Spooner Dunn	2
Getting the Best of Dad—Eloise M. Hinton, '17	10
The Runaway Automobile—Sarah Radcliffe, '17	12
“Greater Love Hath No Man”—W. A. Buchanan, '15	15
Milton and the Clergy—Richard D. Gilliam, Jr.	20
Autumn—Poem—Ellen Moncure, '17	21
Editorials	22
School Notes	26
Athletics	30
Alumni Notes	32
Exchanges	33
A Few Pointers	Interspersed
Advertisements	37

THE MISSILE

Published by the Students of the Petersburg High School,
PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA.

Vol. IV.

JANUARY, 1915.

No. 3.

Robert E. Lee.

Onward flows the dark North River,
Onward to the giant sea,
As the ages all flow onward,
Onward to Eternity,
Past a mound of earth so lowly—
'Tis the grave of Robert Lee.

No one knew him but to honor,
No one knew but to adore;
He who fought so brave and nobly,
Now sleeps on that farther shore—
Who considered the word Duty
The sublimest—none before.

When the cruel war was over,
No one strove more hard than he
To rebuild the broken fortune
Of the South, to keep her free.
Tho' his cause was lost forever,
Still he strove—brave Robert Lee !

Now the North and South do homage,
Just as he had hoped 'twould be;
Now forever joined together
In the name of Liberty,
They clasp hands in silent tribute
O'er the grave of Robert Lee.

MARY C. McCALEB, '15.

The Spirit of the New Year.

THE TOWN CLOCK was striking seven as Billy McDonald entered his apartment on New Year's Eve. He touched a button and the room immediately became flooded with light disclosing a genuine bachelor apartment. He removed his overcoat, gave it to his valet, filled his pipe, and settled himself in a deep leather chair before the blazing fire.

"Anything more, sir?" It was the voice of the valet who was standing respectfully at the door.

"No," Billy answered shortly; then on second thought he took out his bill fold, selected a bill, and passed it to the servant. "I shall not need you any more to-night, Simmons. I suppose you want a little holiday to make merry for the New Year." The last was said with slight irony in his voice.

"Thank you, sir. It's just as you say, sir," and Simmons bowed and closed the door silently behind him.

Billy lighted his pipe and moved restlessly in the large chair. He got up and walked about the room. He switched off the lights, returned to the fire, and, leaning against the mantle, with a deep frown upon his brow smoked moodily. Presently he sat down and gazed into the fire.

"What a fool I am," he said, "to let a woman upset me like this!"

The telephone rang and he answered it. Some of the boys wanted him to come to the club. They were having a merry time of it down there. Billy declined and went back to the fire.

On the floor, having slipped from the mantel, was a card bearing New Year's greetings.

"Happy New Year!" he exclaimed savagely. "A very happy one it will be for me!" (sarcastically).

He arose and went to a desk by the window. Rum-maging among some papers he found what he was looking for and pulled it out. It was a small revolver. Billy held it in his hand for just two minutes.

"Fool!" he said, and thrusting it back into the drawer he put on his overcoat and went out.

The snow was falling heavily, a fierce wind whistled around corners, and long icicles hung from buildings and shrubbery. Horns blew, sleigh bells tinkled, and cabbies screamed; but Billy walked. He wanted to think, and one could not think in a stuffy cab or a jostling, crowded street car. On and on he walked, not knowing whither he went, not caring, for that matter. As he was turning a corner a coupe drew up beside the curb, a small white-gloved hand tapped on the window, and a girl's voice called out falteringly, "Billy—Mr. McDonald—I—".

Billy stopped abruptly and turning around looked straight into Dorothy Warrington's large black eyes. He lifted his hat and said shortly, "Well?"

A look of sadness came into the girl's dark eyes.

She said, "Billy—I—that is—I wanted to speak to you about—I—I mean if you aren't in a hurry I thought maybe you'd ride with me around the square."

Billy smiled ironically and said, "Certainly. I am in no hurry and my time for the present is entirely at your disposal," and stepped into the machine.

The girl spoke to the chauffeur and the car started.

McDonald looked at her. Yes, he had to admit that she was more beautiful than ever. A small ermine toque, that sat rakishly on one side of her head, displayed a little of her beautiful black hair and a pink ear. She was almost enveloped in a velvet coat, besides an ermine stole. She carried a muff of the same, and there were violets in her hat and at her waist. The roses in her cheeks were exquisite, which, if it had not been for the large black eyes, the delicately penciled brows, and long black lashes, would have seemed almost too brilliant.

It took Billy just about a minute to take all of this in and perhaps not quite so long to steel his heart against this beautiful girl. No, he would not let himself care for her. She had chosen her path. She should follow it.

He said, "This is quite an unexpected pleasure. I did not know that you had returned from Italy."

She replied, "I have been back only a week. It is lovely over there, but dear old New York for me! I love it better than any other spot on earth. I suppose that you are still painting?"

He nodded.

"To tell you the truth I wanted—that is—I mean I thought that I should like you to paint my portrait. You remember how easily your 'Saddaoh' took first prize at the Salon last season," she hurried on, "and I suppose—but of course if you—" she hesitated.

The veins on the hand that held his cane stood out. For just a fraction of a minute the man hesitated, and turning his eyes upon the girl he said gravely, "Miss Warrington, I don't think that I care to paint *your* portrait."

All of the color left her face and lips and her eyes grew

larger and blacker. She was sure he had emphasized "*your portrait*." Inside of the muff she clinched her hand but added coolly enough, "*Mr. McDonald*, I am sure that I should not care to sit for you if you were to undertake the work feeling thus. You are *very* frank and I thank you."

"Why I am sure, Doro—"

"Miss Warrington," she corrected.

He bit his lip, but did not repeat the name.

"I do very little painting, now, and I am sure that there are many artists who could do the work much better than I. I should——"

"Oh, yes," she interrupted cheerfully enough, "I don't doubt but what I can get others—probably one who does *splendid* work."

McDonald's vainty was hurt, but he made no sign.

"As I was saying," he contined, "I should like to apologize to you if——"

"Don't mention it," she replied airily. "I had almost forgotten about it. Although," she added as an after thought, "some gentlemen would not have been so brutally frank."

Stab number two for Billy's vainty.

He looked at her silently and then said quietly, "Miss Warrington—Dorothy, will you tell me just one thing? Why did you leave New York without a single word to me?" He leaned over and took one of her hands in his.

The girl said not a word, but her eyes refused to meet his. Billy's inner self was telling him to be sane, but her beauty and the perfume of her violets intoxicated him; all of his crushed love for her rose again, and he rushed on wildly.

"I knew that you were leading Chestly on, but you did not love him."

Dorothy looked at him defiantly, but only for a moment.

"No you did not love him. You loved me."

"Billy, Billy," she murmured faintly.

"You told me so that summer at Clemsdale—not in words perhaps, but your eyes, your smiles, your every movement told me that you cared for me. Girl, girl, I loved you better than my life and I love you now."

His words thrilled her and her heart beat violently, but she withdrew her hand from his and said, "But, Billy, I cannot marry you."

Billy smiled easily at her words. She was his. She herself had said that she loved him and the world could not take her away from him.

Slowly she pulled off the glove that covered her left hand and there, on the third finger, was a band of gold.

The man looked at it and a hand of iron seemed to grip his heart. His brain moved dizzily and he swayed.

"Dorothy, Dorothy girl—you did not marry *him*?" he asked hoarsely and leaned toward her. "You did not marry that—brute?"

The girl was pale and her answer was a faint "yes."

He made no answer, but stared with unseeing eyes out of the window and they rode on in silence. Presently he spoke, but his voice was hard because his heart was filled with bitterness.

"I suppose I should congratulate you—although my congratulations are rather tardy."

Then the girl broke down completely.

"Billy, Billy," she sobbed, "I think I must have been crazy. No, I did not love him, but I—I did it for father."

Billy said sternly, "Did your father know at the time that you were selling yourself?"

The girl shrank from his words.

"No, no—I—oh—he—"

Billy noted the flush that mounted to her forehead and he knew that her father had *made* the marriage, knowing at the time his daughter's feelings toward the man. But there are men who will sell their souls for gold and who have no hesitancy in selling their daughters'.

Both were silent.

Suddenly the machine stopped, so suddenly that the girl would have been thrown from her seat had not the man caught her. He leaned over to speak to the chauffeur, who lifted his cap and said, "There's been an accident here, sir. I did not notice the crowd and a policeman stopped the car."

Dorothy had recovered herself and now spoke, "Through Central Park and home, Burke."

She leaned back among the velvet cushions and, until the machine drew up at the curb in front of the girl's Fifth Avenue home, neither spoke. Billy escorted her to the door and lifted his hat, ignoring her outstretched hand.

"Billy, you—you won't even shake hands with me?"

"No," he answered shortly and lifting his hat he descended the steps and hurried down the street.

* * * * *

It was New Year's eve again and old Father Time had added one more year to the calendar.

William McDonald, artist and sculptor, sat in his studio and dreamily eyed his latest picture. It was ready for the Salon and he had called it "The Spirit of the New

Year." On the canvas the countenances of old men and women were filled with faith; hope shone in the faces of the younger ones; and the happy boisterous children truly showed that the spirit of a New Year had entered their hearts.

For a moment the man was lost in thought. A smile was upon his brow and he laughed softly. Then the roar on the streets, the blowing of horns, the ringing of bells, and the screaming of cabbies came to him.

McDonald frowned, walked to the window and stood looking out at the snow-covered city. Everyone seemed joyful now, but he was sad. Perhaps, thought he, *she* was sad also. Her husband was dead. It had been just a year ago that the Great Creator had summoned that man's soul. McDonald shuddered when he thought of the horrible accident that had taken the man's life from him. When for a moment he thought of Dorothy, his heart beat uneasily; but he steeled it and refused to think of her.

Suddenly, above the roar and din of the great city the chimes rang out clearly and distinctly across the snow, heralding the approach of the new year.

An automobile stopped at the curb far below and some one alighted and entered the building, unseen by McDonald. He shook himself and turned from the window into the dusk-filled room. The shadows from the flames of the large, open fire played upon the bear skin rug before the large fireplace. McDonald walked over to the mantel and resting his head upon his arms gazed into the fire. He felt more cheerful than he had for months. The spirit of the season seemed to have gripped him.

The door opened softly and some one entered the

room. It was a woman, but the man before the fire did not see, nor did he hear anyone until she was standing on the rug before him.

There is something that whispers to us of the presence of someone in the same room even before we can detect this presence with the eye. McDonald, who had been deeply absorbed, looked up. Before him stood Dorothy Chestley — not the laughing, mischievous Dorothy of seventeen summers nor the beautiful sad-eyed girl he had seen on New Year's eve, just a year ago, but a new Dorothy—a woman. She was far more beautiful than he had ever seen her. During that year she had slipped from girlhood into womanhood, and in her large black eyes was an expression tender and appealing.

"Dorothy!" the man cried brokenly.

"Billy!" she said softly, and the light of happiness shone in her eyes.

The man bent over and touched her hand with his lips.

The chimes were dying away in the distance and faintly across the snow the last echoes came.


"While again the old year dies,
And with hope the New Year comes."

G. SPOONER DUNN.

Their meeting it was sudden,
Their meeting it was sad.
She sacrificed her sweet young life;
'Twas all the life she had.

She sleeps beneath the daisies fair,
In peace she's resting now,—
There is always something doing
When a freight train meets a cow.

Getting the Best of Dad.

 PROLONGED whistle and an impatient "Dolly!" issued from the garden back of Mr. Gordon's house.

"Yes, Godfrey, I'm coming," said the lovely young daughter of Mr. Gordon. "Oh, Godfrey, I have just thought of a splendid plan for getting papa's consent to our marrying. You know he has just started an Insurance Company here in Hampton, and he is so afraid it won't pay."

"Well, I don't see how that has anything to do with our marriage," said Godfrey Sutton, the young doctor of the village of Hampton and also the ardent lover of Dorothy Gordon.

"Well, you see, Godfrey, my plan is for you and myself to go to see some of the young people who have taken out insurance in papa's company and beg them to pretend they are ill. Then I shall tell papa casually that Mrs. or Mr. so-and-so is ill, and of course you will cure them." So the conspirators departed.

The next day, while Mr. Gordon was sitting complacently in his new office, Dolly came flying in like a young whirlwind, and announced to her father that Mrs. Green was very sick with pneumonia and Mr. Brown had bronchitis, both of whom had taken out a heavy insurance. Then after a few comforting words to the effect that perhaps they would get well, but that they were very sick, she left him, only to drop in every hour or two and leave him more wrought up than before by the announcement that

some other one of his policy holders had been taken ill and that what they had formerly believed to be pneumonia or bronchitis was an epidemic of typhoid fever.

The old man had become so excited that he was walking the floor and feverishly devouring every fresh bit of news.

The young doctor had been called in by this time by the old doctor who was also in the joke, and before the end of the week every one who had been reported sick was either cured or on the road to recovery, due to the young doctor's skill,—they said. Thus, when Sunday night brought Godfrey Sutton to visit Dolly, he was most cordially received by Mr. Gordon and told that if he was of the same opinion about Dolly, they might celebrate their marriage nuptials as soon as they pleased. For Mr. Gordon firmly believed in the old proverb, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

ELOISE M. HINTON, '17.

SWAM TOO LONG.

The attorneys for the prosecution and defense had been allowed fifteen minutes each to argue the case. The attorney for the defense had commenced his argument with an allusion to the swimming hole of his boyhood days. He told in flowery oratory of the balmy air, the singing birds, the joy of youth, the delights of the cool water. And in the midst of it he was interrupted by the drawling voice of the judge: "Come out, Chawncey," he said, "and put on your clothes. Your fifteen minutes are up."

The Runaway Automobile.

THE MID-OCTOBER Virginia afternoon was arched with a blue sky and steeped in a wash of sunlight as yellow as gold; every color seemed to spring from the trees bordering the road. Nothing in all the autumnal landscape but looked opalescent and inviting—except Richard Chamblers lying flat on his back, like some disreputable stevadore, alternately tinkering with the refractory valves of the big red car above him, and cursing the obdurate mechanism. Over his right eye an ooze of orange colored oil glistened, and with much regularity dripped into his shrinking collar.

Just then, making one final lunge, a red-hot stab of pain shot from his crazy-bone to every nerve in his body. Worming like a lizard to freedom, his eyes puckered shut with the wretched pang, Richard Chamblers sat up and shook his grimy first in the air and swore. Thoughts ran swiftly through his mind: his broken arm, the car, now without any one to run it, and the fact that no doctor was near. And then—

“You, —— oh, gracious!” For his eyes had opened, and there in front of him stood a girl, haughtiness in the very huge of her gray-blue walking suit and in the clear-cut cameo face under the felt cavalry hat.

“I—I beg your pardon,” he stammered. “I didn’t see you. I don’t swear habitually, but I’d got to the place where something had to explode.”

Mirth conquered her, and she broke forth into a merry laugh. “You did look so funny,” she gasped.

Seeing his arm hanging limp, she came near and asked if there were anything she could do.

"There'll be a team passing soon, won't there?" he asked.

"Hardly," she replied. "Can't I help you in some way?" For to leave him there with a broken arm and no way to get to the next village, was anything but a display of Virginian hospitality.

He tried to move the injured member, but to no use. A moan burst from his lips and his face turned ashen white. He couldn't ask her to drive the car; the old thing wouldn't go if she could drive one, he reasoned.

Suddenly she said, "Perhaps I can help you; I will drive the car to a doctor for you."

There was nothing left to do but for him to climb in, and, wonders of wonders, the old thing cranked all right and the trouble of half an hour ago seemed gone.

They had been speeding along for about twenty minutes, neither saying much, when suddenly from behind could be heard a motor coming with terrific speed. Children could be heard screaming. Just then it burst into view, and a more heart-rending sight could hardly be seen. The chauffeur in front seemed to have no control whatever over the car, and the three small children behind were screaming loudly.

"It's Judge Forke's car," gasped the girl at Chamblers side, "and his three children. O, what shall we do?"

"Race it," he yelled, "don't let it strike us."

The girl put on more speed and the two cars raced down the road at harrowing speed. Trees looked like specks as they passed by, and fences and ditches were escaped with no little dexterity on her part. She was a capable driver, and well able to handle the car. As for

the car behind, it seemed to be stayed with a power something more than human. The chauffeur never moved; he seemed lifeless.

Suddenly she cried out, "I'm going to let it strike; it's the only way. Those children will be killed if it is not stopped. There is a bridge not far off, and that car cannot take it."

She slowed down, clutching the steering wheel with hands of iron, and Richard Chamblers could see the small mouth quiver with determination. Swerving to one side of the road she did not stop, as many a less skilled driver would have done, but kept on. The crash came and both Chalmers and the girl at his side closed their eyes instinctively as it did. Richard threw a protecting arm about her and they both swayed a little as the other car struck.

By her clever skill the front wheels of the rear car had struck sideways into the back wheels of their car, and by a miracle neither party was seriously injured. The other car was badly smashed.

Chamblers and the girl quickly jumped out of their car and ran to the terrified children, who clutched wildly at their benefactors. Richard reached up to shake the chauffeur and drew back horrified, for he was dead.

The children were transferred to his car, trembling. A doctor was soon reached and news of the disaster spread rapidly.

Richard Chamblers had never witnessed such heroism in anyone before, and he told this girl so, and many other things, after they became better acquainted in the days that followed.

SARAH RADCLIFFE, '17.

“Greater Love Hath No Man.”

R EGINALD MAXWELL, better known as “Reg,” was a son of one of the famous Maxwells of the English Parliament. He was an impetuous, flippant youth, who never seemed to care a rap about anyone except A. No. 1. His chum and roommate at Christ College, Oxford, was one Charles Crafton, who was always known to be a steady, industrious youth. Crafton’s father was not of the nobility of England, but was a self-made man and Charlie was, as history showed, a chip of the old block. People had often wondered how these two youths got along so well, but their different temperaments seemed to weld them closer and closer together.

This was their last year at the University, and as both men had passed all their examinations, they were having their last talk before starting upon their different paths of life.

“But you certainly ought not to go away off there, as young as you are,” advised Crafton.

“Well then, you come along and chaperon me.”

“Nix on that ! I shall not go away and leave Mary, now that she has waited until I graduated. I am going to settle down to business and make her as happy as I can.”

“All right,” said Reg., “you stay here at home and work your tongue out trying to keep your wife in style, but I am going to join the army and go to Afghan. After I have killed a few of those heathen I’ll come home, and then watch the ladies crowd around. A retired army officer is not to be found every day.”

Charlie argued and advised to the best of his ability, but to no avail, for his chum was set upon carving a name for himself with his sword.

So on the twenty-third of April Reg departed on his journey to Afghan. As Charlie waved farewell to him, he shook his head in despair, for he knew that a youth such as Reg would never have the strength to overcome the temptations he would meet.

All went well for about a year when a sudden change came about in Afghan. There was a massacre of all the English settlers on the frontier. Parliament was issuing calls for volunteers and many young men had responded to the hurry call.

Charlie Crafton decided he would enter with the volunteers, because he wanted to look up his chum Reg who was in Afghan. To this end he joined the 48th Royal Lancers and, leaving his wife and babe in the care of her father, he set out to war with his company.

When he reached Afghan he immediately began a search for his friend. Many months he searched in vain, but at last he found Reg, still a private, at an isolated fort on the frontier called Fort Steady from the many heavy but unsuccessful attacks made upon it by the Afghans.

The condition in which he was told a tale in itself. Reg had not been man enough to stave off the many temptations he had met and he slowly but surely had descended until he was now on the last rung of the ladder. On finding his chum, Crafton immediately had him transferred to his company, and by his good influence, Reg soon became a better soldier and an infinitely better man.

Through his bravery and service, Charlie had slowly

risen step by step until he was now a captain. His general saw that Fort Steady was an important stronghold, so he commissioned Charlie with his company to protect it.

After the general had taken his force away, the Afghans assembled for one more attack on Fort Steady. They collected all the forces available and early in the morning commenced the attack. When daylight came Charlie saw that there was no hope of holding the fort, so he decided to surrender his force to save them from the torments of Afghan butchery. Accordingly he met the Afghan leader and agreed to surrender the fort upon condition that none of his men should be molested. No sooner were the English out of the gates than the savages treacherously burst upon them, slaying all but a few who were saved to be tortured for the amusement of the people at home.

It happened that Charlie and Reg were among these few. They were all tied together with strong ropes and made to run all the way to the villages of the Afghans. Here they were bound and placed in huts to await the coming execution.

The two chums were placed in a hut in the middle of the village and the Afghans decided that they must be the first to die. When told of the fate that awaited them on the morrow, both men lay in deepest thought, trying to conceive of some way of escape. At last Reg while rolling around on the ground felt a sharp pain run through his arm. Being curious about the cause, he felt around with his hands and discovered a broken bottle. With this he cut his bonds and then freed his friend. All this was done so quietly that the sentry at the door did not

hear them. Reg and Charlie then decided that the only means of escape was to travel across the desert to India. So while Reg put the Afghan out of the way with a blow from his big fist, Charlie scraped a hole in the sand at the back of the hut. The two chums thus escaped from the hut, and separating, went to find water and horses for their trip. The horses were found easily enough, but to find water was another question. Only one skin of water was found, but the men decided that death from thirst was better than torture, and thus accoutred they set out.

All went well until the sun arose and then it seemed as if all its rays were directed upon these two lone and hungry wayfarers. Their horses long since had died from thirst, but they stumbled on together until nightfall. Refreshed by a cooling drink from a spring, they started on their journey once more. Charlie not having dissipated so much as Reg withstood the terrible heat and fatigue more easily than his chum. But soon his strength began to give way and he was forced to lie down and sleep. The rising sun woke the two friends and they stumbled on a few miles more. At last the water was all used up except one more drink for each. So Charlie held the skin to Reg's lips for his drink, but the lips did not open.

"No," Reg said, "with what water there is left you can reach civilization and safety; but if I drink, we both die."

Charlie begged and implored his friend to drink, but Reg was firm and at last Charlie drank the water and with a last handshake and an affectionate farewell, he left his chum there in the desert to die.

Charlie soon met up with a caravan slowly traveling across the desert, and quickly he procured camels and

water and set out to rescue his friend. But when he arrived it was too late, for Reg's spirit was already on its flight to its Maker. Charlie was overcome with grief and, throwing himself on the body of his friend, he wept.

At the close of the war Crafton returned home a changed man. No longer was he an impetuous youth, but now he was hardened to the ways of the world, and he always saw some good in everyone. The greatest joy in his old age was to tell his boy of the one friend who had been true to him. And ever the epitaph on Maxwell's gravestone rang in his ears:

"Greater Love hath no man than this, that he lay down life for his friend."

W. A. BUCHANAN, '15.

JUST FOR A DAY.

If I could run the school a day
I'll tell you what I'd do;
I'd call in thirty past eleven
And dismiss at a quarter to two.

I'd have an assembly of fifty minutes,
Allow the pupils to play;
Let the boys whistle radiant songs
And the girls sing any old way.

I'd allow the pupils to gather and chat
And to ask some foolish questions;
I'd allow them to talk in French and Lat.,
And give remedies for indigestions.

I'd warn the teachers about giving demerits
And keeping the regular rule;
I'd give a recess of fifty minutes,
If for a day I could run the school.

W. C. KIDD.

Milton and the Clergy.

A T THE TIME of the death of Edward King,

an intimate friend of Milton, the clergy of
the English Church were becoming very
corrupt. The majority of the parishes were
filled by men who held their positions
merely for personal gain. They were men who looked
on the ministry as a profession by which they could make
a living without degrading their families. Others were
priests either for the secret personal influence which, by
virtue of their office, they had over the parishoners, or
for the social prominence they enjoyed. None of these
cared what happened to the people so long as they
achieved their ambitions. This corruption was evident
even among the Bishops.

King, before he was drowned, intended to become a minister of the Church, and Milton thought that he would have been an effective agent in counteracting the evil influences of the corrupt clergy. In the poem "Lycidas," written in memory of King, Milton, lamenting the loss of his friend, cries out against the men who use the Church to further private ambitions. He denounces those shepherds who neglect the sheep in feeding themselves. Besides this he accuses them of allowing the Roman Church to make depredation on the religion of England without opposition. He ends his arraignment of the ministry by warning them that a reaction is approaching.

These abuses in the Church were not fancies of Milton. As a result of them many of the good men of the kingdom organized themselves into a body for the purification of the Church. A great revolution followed which resulted in the temporary overthrow of the established religion of England, and its final result was a wide-spread reformation among the clergy.

RICHARD D. GILLIAM, JR.

Autumn.

The autumn time is yellow,
And all the sunset gold;
The fruit is growing mellow;
The year is waxing old;
The trees are bending lower,
The goldenrod is here
With the warmth of Indian summer
That youth and age hold dear.

Then let begone all sorrow,
And moan and falling tear;
Let grief wait till to-morrow,
Nor mar the closing year.
But while life's smiling on us,
Laugh and be happy still,
For winter's soon upon us
With all its blight and chill.

ELLEN MONCURE, '17.



STAFF.

W. Arthur Elliott, '15 Editor-in-Chief

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

Lena May Donnan, '15.	Dorothy McK. Spooner, '16.
Florence T. Stratton, '15	Exchange Editor
Katherine Jones, '15	Alumni Editor
Harvey Booth, '15	Boys' Athletic Editor
Helen C. Roper, '16	Girls' Athletic Editor
Sarah E. Seward, '16	Head Reporter
Randlett F. Jones, '15	Business Manager
Samuel S. Elliott, '15 } E. Hobson Gill, '16 }	Assistant Business Managers
Fred L. Riddle, '17	Circulating Manager
G. Spooner Dunn, '16	Editor of "A Few Pointers"
Charles Jackson, '16 } Hugh E. Jackson, '18 }	Art Editors

Published six times during the school year, at regular intervals,
by the pupils of the Petersburg High School.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: 50c. per session; 10c. the single copy.
Address all communications to Petersburg High School, Petersburg, Va.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Petersburg, Va.



PERHAPS the most vital question with which the faculty and students of the Petersburg High School have had to contend during the past ten years is the need of a new building in which to carry on their work. During this

time the enrollment of the school has increased very rapidly, and the efficiency of the academic department has advanced by leaps and bounds, until to-day its standing is equal to that of any high school in the State. However with all these improvements along other lines there has been scarcely one step forward in regard to quarters. It is quite true that we have been removed from the old building on Union street; but this could hardly be called improvement when we consider what other cities in the State have done in regard to buildings for their high schools. In the past few years the cities of Norfolk, Richmond, Lynchburg, and Bristol have built up-to-date high school buildings equipped with all the facilities needed for doing the best work, while Petersburg has to be contented with an old building which is at least fifty years old and is entirely unfit for the purpose which it serves.

Probably those who do not know of the disadvantages under which we labor will say that we have no cause to complain, but if they could only see the crowded condition of our study hall and some of our classes, and feel the cold north wind as it whistles through the cracks around the windows, and see us jumping aside when we are barely missed by pieces of falling plaster, they would eagerly join us in our crusade for a new building. We are conscious of the fact that the city authorities have done a great deal in constructing school buildings and bettering the educational advantages of our city during the past few years and that we will eventually get a new high school. However, getting one at some future time does us no good at present. The need is now greater perhaps than at any other time, for the present quarters cannot possibly accommodate the ever increasing school

population of Petersburg; hence it will appear that the efficiency of our school, for which we have striven so hard, must deteriorate. Therefore, it is only a matter of months until our City Fathers must decide the question of turning applicants away from the high school or of giving us a new building with increased accommodations.

IT IS WITH a great deal of pleasure that we have watched the development of the movement which was started in our school just one year ago, the Literary Societies. The joint meeting of the two societies just prior to the Christmas holidays was undoubtedly the climax of the year's work, and no one who attended that meeting can deny that the literary societies have accomplished a vast amount of good for the students of our school.

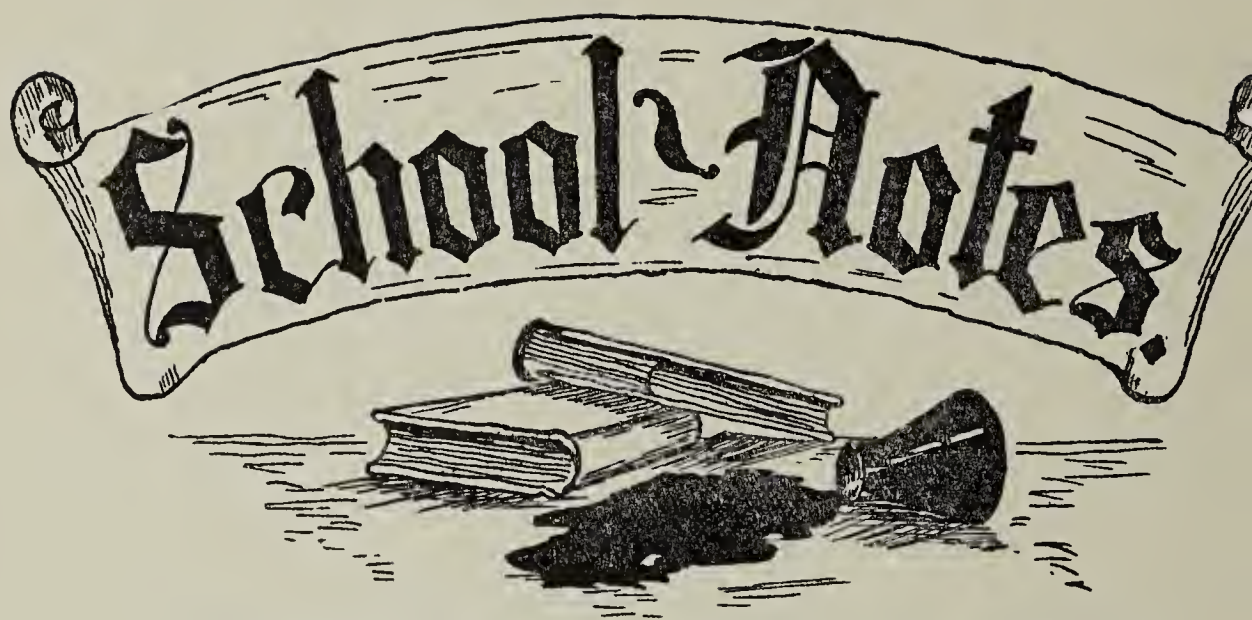
While we are pleased with the success of the societies themselves, yet we are very much displeased with the attitude that some have taken in regard to them. Some of us are prone to look upon them as a burden to be borne as a necessary evil, and do not take the proper interest in them, while some have not joined either society.

Now in view of the fact that these societies have been established for our benefit and are the source of inestimable value to us all if we only do our share of the work, which is very little at the most and should be considered as a pleasure, we are doing nothing but that which is for our own interest in entering into the spirit of the societies.

So now if you do not belong to one of them, or have

not been taking the proper interest in their work, resolve to start the new session right by joining one of the societies at once and to promote their development by your hearty co-operation and enthusiasm. In doing so you will attain the greatest success possible, the satisfaction of having put forth honest effort.

In this, the last issue of the *Missile* under the present staff, we wish to thank the students, the faculty and all others who have helped us, either directly or indirectly, for whatever aid they have given our work. We have tried to perform our duties well and to justify the responsibility which has been placed in us. We earnestly hope that our efforts have not been in vain and that they have achieved success in some degree. With this issue we lay aside the editorial pen and bequeath to our successors our hope for the greatest success and prosperity.



The pupils of the High School are deeply grateful to Mrs. H. P. Stratton for her kindness and thought of us in presenting to our library the three volumes of Johnson's New Universal Cyclopaedia. We are also grateful to the School Board for the new International Cyclopaedia which they so kindly furnished. The volumes will be used daily and much valuable knowledge will be gained from their pages.

.....

Miss Beard (speaking of the society to which Mr. M. of III B. belonged):

"I think it was Daniel when I held him before." We are grieved and astonished.

.....

Mr. D. of IIIB recently stated that England founded the United States.

.....

Mr. Anderson says a girl should never receive unless she accepts also—permanently.

.....

The entire student body wishes to express their sympathy to Miss Robertson in her late bereavement.

We had the pleasure of having as visitors to our IVA French class during the Christmas holidays two of our former students who are now attending Randolph Macon.

.....

The members of the IVA class regret to learn of Miss Bain's recent illness and hope for her speedy recovery.

.....

Miss T. in IIA, "What did Magua ask Cora?"

Miss B.—"He asked her to marry him."

Miss T.—"What did she promise?"

Miss B.—"She said she would think about it."

.....

Mr. B. in IIA Geometry, when asked how many degrees between the hands of a clock at ten o'clock, inquired, "In the morning, or at night?"

.....

Mr. H. in IA spelling class gave the meaning of coalesce as "pertaining to coal."

.....

Mr. A. in IA Business Forms asked, "When is an unwritten will used?"

Miss S.—"When the maker is killed in an accident and it is necessary for him to make the will at once."

.....

The composition handed in by the IIB's on "As Little as Possible About Nothing" was the best Mr. Miller has ever received.

It was a great pleasure for the Petersburg High School to have with them during the past month for one of our Assembly Periods Dr. H. Tucker Graham, President of Hampden-Sidney College. We enjoyed very much his talk on "The One Book" and it was our only regret that he couldn't have been with us longer.

.....

In IIIB English they were disputing on how to end the definition "A dog's——." Miss R. spoke up—"A dog is a quadrilateral having four legs."

.....

Wanted—An alarm clock by Mr. B. in IIA Algebra to rouse him from his slumbers when he is called upon so as to save Mr. Scott the trouble of waking him.

.....

Mr. Anderson in IIIA Latin—"What ending goes on this verb?" "Ret" answered some one.

Oh, "rat" exclaimed Miss I. R. quickly.

.....

Miss S. in IIB—"Show how the nervous system affects the lungs."

Mr. B.—"When you are frightened your hair stands on end."

.....

The Page and Daniel Literary Societies had an open meeting during the Xmas holidays at Lee School. The room was decorated very tastefully by Miss Hobbs and her pupils. The participants deserved especial credit for

the most enjoyable program which they rendered. Much credit is also due Miss Segar for her untiring efforts in helping to get up the program. The debate was on a very interesting subject and the four debaters acquitted themselves with honor. The decision was in favor of the affirmative, which was upheld by the Daniel Society. Everybody seemed to have a good time.

The program was as follows:

1. Opening Remarks Helen Townes, President Daniel Society
2. Prayer Rev. J. A. McClure, Second Presbyterian Church
3. Duet May Smith and Mary Dowman, Daniel Society
4. Reading—"The First Christmas" (Ben Hur), Spooner Dunn, Page So.
5. Chorus Daniel and Page Glee Clubs
6. Recitation—"The Other Wise Man," (Van Dyke), Theodore Roettger, Daniel Society.
7. Chorus Daniel and Page Glee Clubs
8. Debate—"Resolved: The Public Schools should have an eleven months' session, giving more frequent holidays and for shorter periods."

Affirmative—Daniel Society—Anita Young, '18.

Edward Traylor, '16.

Negative—Page Society . . . Geraldine Gerald, '16.

Arthur Elliott, '15.

9. Chorus Daniel and Page Glee Clubs
10. High School Journal George Goodwyn, Editor, Page Society
11. Presentation of Athletic letters Principal H. D. Wolff
12. Declamation Meyer Lavenstein
13. Old English Carol Daniel and Page Male Chorus
14. "The Aim of the Literary Societies" . Superintendent F. M. Martin
15. Closing Remarks Walter Buchanan, President Page Society

DANIEL.

OFFICERS.

PAGE.

Helen Townes, '16, President Walter Buchanan, '15
 Fred Riddle, '17, Vice-President Richard Gill, '16
 Jean Stribling, '17, Treasurer Kennon Collier, '15
 Sam Elliott, '15, Secretary George Goodwyn, '16
 Randlett Jones, '15, Marshal Herbert Jones, '15
 Miss Segar Faculty Critic Mr. Miller



With the close of 1914 foot-ball's career, athletics suddenly dropped from the first place in our school life, but with the coming of the spring term and warmer days it will again rise to its accustomed place.

It was confidently expected that we would be able to have a basket-ball team this winter to represent us in this department of athletics. Unfortunately our new Y. M. C. A. building has not yet been opened up for use, and as there is no other available building for practice, we shall again have to postpone our aspirations in this line for another year.

Base-ball enthusiasm is just beginning to awake from its long hibernation and already, here and there about the school yard, can be heard an occasional base-ball conversation as to the prospects of a winning nine. Early in March Captain Walthall will issue a call for the candidates for the 1915 base-ball team, and we hope that this call will be answered by a sufficient number of men to make up two complete teams, for with the return of eight of last season's letter men the prospects are very bright.

Mr. Miller and Mr. Scott have kindly consented to coach the squad this year, and we feel quite sure that with their aid and with the proper interest shown on the part of the boys in the daily practices, a sufficient amount of skill and "pep" should be developed to win the majority of games played at least.

Manager Jones is busily arranging an excellent schedule of about fifteen games, including about eight trips away from Petersburg, which will undoubtedly be a source of much pleasure and enjoyment to the members of the team, and seven are to be played at home.



KATHERINE JONES, - - - *Editor.*

The High School students were delighted to have with them during the Christmas holidays, Messrs. Kinsey, Booth, Butcher, McKesson, Alley, Young, Heath, Mac-
lin, Camp and Nufer.

Miss Fannie Smith, a former graduate of P. H. S., now teaching in Richmond, spent the holidays in Petersburg.

The record of the P. H. S. alumni at Randolph-Macon College offers encouragement to the English class of 1915. Out of six making over ninety on the English examination in that institution, three of them were former Petersburg High School pupils.

Mr. Meade Brunet has resumed his work at Schenectady.

Miss Julia Meade Patterson, after a year at Sweet Briar, is now taking a business course at the Bowman Commercial School.

Mr. Frank Buchanan, class 1913, is now taking an agricultural course at V. P. I.

Exchange Department.

FLORENCE T. STRATTON, EDITOR.

The Missile acknowledges with thanks the following magazines: *The Blue and the Grey*, *The Record*, *The William and Mary Literary Magazine*, *The John Marshall Record*, *The Pattersonian*, *The Stuyvesant Stag*, *The World*, *The Monthly Chronicle*, *The Oracle*, *Woodberry Forest*, *The Oracle*, Duval High School, *The Oracle*, Woodward High School, *The Critic*, *The Focus*, *The Oriole*, *The X-Ray*, *Lemon and Black*, Randolph-Macon Academy, Bedford City, *Lemon and Black*, Randolph-Macon Academy, Front Royal, *Lasell Leaves*, *The B. H. S. Tatler*, *The Quill*, *The Student*, *The Central High School Bulletin*, *The Mirror*, *Reveille*, *The Mary Baldwin Miscellany*, *The P. H. S. Raquet*, *The Gleam*, *The Messenger*, *The Budget*, *The Tatler*, *The Old Gold and Purple*, *The Iris*, *The "Q"*, *The Virginian*, *The Karux*, *Maroon and White*, *The Big Stack*, *The Mission*, *The Booster*, *The Retina*, *The Virginia Guide*, *The Argus-News*, *Maroon and White* (Bristol High School for November and December), and *The Flat Hat*.

AS WE SEE OTHERS.

The Tatler—Although your magazine is small, it makes up for its quantity in its quality. You are indeed fortunate to have so many poets in your school. The poem *Cow Bells* is full of melody and imagination, and is worthy of a person much older than a school girl.

Maroon and White, Alexandria, Virginia—It would be well if every one could read the story, *The Christmas Spirit*, and see what the true spirit of Christmas is. The spirit of Christmas is not envy, hatred, malice and uncharitableness, as the man in the story thought at first, but is happiness, unselfishness, and *eternal truth*, which he found out later.

The Oracle, Duval High School—Every department in your magazine is complete, but there is one suggestion that we offer and that is not to mix your jokes with your advertisements.

The Old Gold and Purple—We suggest that you do not scatter your advertisements among your various departments. With this one exception your magazine is exceptionally good.

The Karux—You are to be commended for your neat magazine and its well arranged departments; but where is your table of contents?

The Mission—Your magazine is unusually well arranged, and your cuts add much to the merit of your magazine. You must have very active business managers in order to have twenty-one large pages of advertisements.

The Christmas number of *The Mirror* has an excellent editorial, and the story, *A Christmas Transformation*, is exceptionally good.

In the December number of *The B. H. S. Tatler* *The Redemption of Joe Saunders* contains the beautiful thought that a mother's advice follows one through life. Don't you think, though, that a few poems would add to your magazine?

The Central High School Bulletin—The letter in your December number, written by one of your alumni, shows that the writer has the right kind of school spirit.

The author of *The Christmas Ship* in the December number of *The Portsmouth Student* deserves much credit for her originality.

The Quill—The story, *The Stolen Gems* in your December number holds the reader's interest throughout and at the close the author gives us a surprise.

The Gleam (December)—Your cover is exquisite, and was certainly done by an artist. The inside is equally attractive. Your Exchange Department is very original, and one feels as if he was reading a story instead of criticisms on school magazines. It certainly makes the Exchange Department more interesting to have it arranged thus.

The Retina—As one opens your pages he finds first a neat table of contents; then a very interesting story called *The Way of the World*. Your other stories are well told and your poems are excellent.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

The Missile—The short stories are worked out in an interesting style. "Autumn" and "Go Ahead," two poems, are well written, considering the material and verse construction. The management and artistic touch of the magazine is worthy of mention. It contains good edi-

torials and school notes. The points in "A Few Pointers" are very clever.—*Maroon and White*.

In the *Missile* a very progressive attitude is taken by the editors concerning the future of their publication. Their aim is not "merely to come up to past standards," but to "endeavor to make the *Missile* even superior to what it has been in the past." You certainly must have hustling advertising managers to procure eleven pages of advertisements. We suggest a new cover design for your paper.—*The World*.

The Missile—You rank among the best of high school magazines. The headings of the departments are appropriate and attractive. Your cover is unusually neat and attractive. Your literary department is excellent. Keep this up, for a good literary department adds a great deal to a magazine. "Passing the Butter" is short, but rather odd. "A Few Pointers" are fine!—*The Messenger*.

The Missile—An excellent example of the better-than-average school publication. Good stories and well written departments are its chief features.—*The Blue and the Grey*.

The Missile—Your stories are unusually well written.—*The Retina*.

The Missile, Petersburg High School, is well edited and is a credit to the school.—*The Student*.

Ask Yourself This Question
BEFORE YOU BUY
Do They Advertise ^{IN}_{THE} MISSILE?

THE BOY WITH A BANK ACCOUNT
—BECOMES—
THE MAN WITH A FORTUNE

A Savings Account in our Bank may open the
way to a College Course or start you in business.

American Bank and Trust Co.

WM. B. McILWAINE, President.

W. J. RAHILY, Vice-President.

WALLACE D. BLANKS, Cashier.

When in Need of FLOWERS Give Us a Trial.

FROMMELT BROS., Florists

Commencement Flowers, Bridal Bouquets, Wedding Decorations,
and Designs of every description

ANYTHING YOU NEED JUST CALL PHONE 1193

Frommelt Floral Gardens

124 New Street

PETERSBURG, VA.

Patronize those who patronize us.

Found at **BURGE'S**

"YOUNG'S" Hats

"PERRIN'S" Gloves

"GOTHAM" Shirts

"BENJAMIN" Clothes

"INTERWOVEN" Socks

"CORLISS-COON" Collars

YOU KNOW WHAT THESE NAMES MEAN

W. Y. BURGE & CO.

"Where Quality Prevails."

C. F. LAUTERBACH, Jeweler

All kinds of College and Fraternity Jewelry a Specialty.

Estimates cheerfully furnished for Class Pins.

WATCHES, DIAMONDS, CUT GLASS, SILVERWARE,
AND JEWELRY OF ALL KINDS.

Special attention given to our Watch and Jewelry Repair Work.

Rosenstock Bldg., SYCAMORE STREET.

JOHN MOYLER.

D. A. LYON, JR.

INSURE YOUR PROPERTY WITH

J. E. MOYLER & CO.

INSURANCE IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Fire Insurance Agents and Brokers.

Adjusters.

Licensed Conveyancers.

Notary Public.

MASONIC BUILDING.

PETERSBURG, VA.

Patronize those who patronize us.

REACH BASEBALL GOODS

Uniforms for Baseball Nines at Special
LOW PRICES.

Sporting Goods

Tennis and Football Supplies
PREMOS, KODAKS, BROWNIES

Chas. Leonard Hardware Co., Inc.

12 - 14 - 16 BANK STREET.

Superior Texts

Metcalfe's
AMERICAN LITERATURE

Metcalfe's
ENGLISH LITERATURE

Payne's
Common Words
Commonly Misspelled

B. F. Johnson Publishing Company

ATLANTA

RICHMOND

DALLAS

Patronize those who patronize us.

WASHINGTON & LEE UNIVERSITY

FOUNDED AND ENDOWED BY GEORGE WASHINGTON
ADMINISTERED BY ROBERT E. LEE

Situated in the unrivaled Valley of Virginia, with its lofty traditions and inspiring memories, it gives a 20th Century training amid the social culture of Old Virginia, at its best, and gathers to its campus a select student-body from 35 States and foreign countries. For Catalogue, &c., address :

PRESIDENT HENRY LOUIS SMITH

Lexington, - - - - - Virginia.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, FOR WOMEN

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA.

Graduates of accredited four-year high schools are admitted without examination to any of the following courses:

Professional Course I—Leading to Kindergarten Work.

Professional Course II—Leading to Primary Work.

Professional Course III—Leading to Intermediate and Grammar Grade Work.

Professional Course IV—Leading to High School Work.

Professional Course V—Leading to Work in Rural Graded Schools.

For catalogue, giving information as to State Scholarships and details of work, address J. L. JARMAN, President, Farmville, Va.

1776 Hampden-Sidney College 1915

HAMPDEN-SIDNEY, VA.

The oldest college in the South, save one. High standards and thorough work. A strong faculty. A select student body. A delightful climate. Beautiful and extensive campus. Ample athletic grounds and remarkable athletic record. Large dormitory equipped with every modern convenience—steam heat, gas, hot and cold baths, etc. 14 unit entrance requirement. Degrees conferred: B. A., B. S., M. A., B. Lit. The 140th session begins September 15, 1915.

For catalogue or further information, address:

President H. T. GRAHAM, D D.,

Hampden-Sidney, Va.

Patronize those who patronize us.

Mrs. Robert B. Stiles

PHONE

FLORIST

910

Cut Flowers, Plants, Funeral Work, Wedding Bouquets,
and Decorations furnished on short notice.

Greenhouses - 636 W. Washington St.

T. S. BECKWITH & Co.

We invite every teacher and pupil in the
School to make Our STORE his Home.
Come, let us help you. We gladly give
any information. Very truly,

T. S. BECKWITH & COMPANY.

THE NATIONAL BANK OF PETERSBURG

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA.

Organized 1889. The Oldest National Bank in Southside Virginia.

Capital, \$100,000.00

Surplus and Profits, \$270,000.00

T. F. HEATH, President B. B. JONES, Cashier
W. L. VENABLE, Vice-President E. H. BEASLEY, Asst. Cashier

WITHOUT our telling you about it—You know this is
Petersburg's Very Best Clothing Establishment.
We are placing this ad. in your booklet to find
out whether or not it pays us to advertise in it. The
only way we can tell is for you to come to our place and buy your wants
and tell us you read our ad. in this book. If it pays to advertise in your
magazine, we promise to double our ad. next year. If it doesn't we shall
discontinue this ad. So it's up to you to keep us in or out.

EIGENBRUN BROS. Clothiers to Man and Boy.

Patronize those who patronize us.

CHAS. D. REESE



Manufacturing Jeweler



BADGES, MEDALS, CUPS,
College, School, Society Pins and Emblems
57 WARREN STREET,
NEW YORK.

Education has and will have largely
to do with the success of our country

Just so does the happiness and
COMFORT OF THE HOME

DEPEND ON THE USE OF GAS



FOR LIGHTING, COOKING, HEATING,

GAS IS UNSURPASSED

ASK THE GAS MAN.

PETERSBURG GAS COMPANY

Patronize those who patronize us.

J. O. JAMES



SHOES
SLIPPERS
TRUNKS AND BAGS



43 Sycamore St.

PETERSBURG, VA.

DON'T WAIT Until you are disgusted buying
high priced Shoes. Try
REINACH'S now and spend the difference on something else.

"NOT CHEAP, BUT GOOD" is our Slogan.

J. Reinach & Sons,

SHOES THAT SATISFY.

E. E. JOHNSON

Home Made Candies

ABSOLUTELY PURE. TRY THEM.

PHONE 1236

407 W. WASHINGTON STREET

— **KRESGE'S** —

(The "Upper" Store)

5 and 10 Cent Store

— FOR —

SCHOOL SUPPLIES.

Patronize those who patronize us.

FOR

HARDWARE, ENAMELWARE, WOODENWARE,
CUTLERY, PAINTS, ROOFING, STOVES, PUMPS
and goods usually carried in a first-class Hdwe. Store,

TRY

Petersburg Hardware Company

Phone 61.

14 N. SYCAMORE STREET.



ATHLETIC
GOODS



D. W. BRANCH

36 South Sycamore Street.

STOVES of all kinds

HOT WATER, STEAM

—AND—

WARM AIR HEATING

PLUMBING THAT LASTS.

Phone 52.

ROBERT E. BRUNET & CO.

JAS. Y. BRANCH

Guns, Bicycles, Everything in Sporting Goods,
TOYS AND CAMERA SUPPLIES

Rosenstock Block, Sycamore Street
.....OPPOSITE LYRIC THEATRE.....

PETERSBURG, - VIRGINIA.

Patronize those who patronize us.

HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES If you add a business training to the splendid education you have, you will be prepared to meet the battles of life successfully.

YOUNG MEN If you fully realized the advantage of Stenography for opening up a profitable field of employment, you would not be long in beginning a course with us, after leaving High School.

YOUNG LADIES Are you desirous of becoming self-supporting? If so, you will make no mistake in learning Stenography, Typewriting and Bookkeeping at our College. We will train you to do the work just as business men do it and want it done in their office.

ACTUAL OFFICE EXPERIENCE.

BOWMAN'S COMMERCIAL COLLEGE

South and Hinton Streets.

Phone 1851.

ED. R. BOWMAN, Principal



THE TEACHER'S INSTRUCTIONS :

YOU MUST
BUY YOUR

Clothes

— FROM —

WALTER E. EANES & CO.

THEY FIT BETTER AND WEAR LONGER.

Petersburg Business College

DAY AND NIGHT SESSIONS

*Bookkeeping, Stenography, Typewriting, Penmanship,
Civil Service Courses.*

45 NORTH SYCAMORE STREET.

Patronize those who patronize us.

CHRISTMAS
WEDDING
GRADUATION

} GIFTS

STANTON PILCHER

New York Clothing Co

WE have not contented ourselves with merely wishing for your business. We have gone into the clothing markets of the whole country and selected the best that was offered in order that there might be no question as to your confining your clothes buying to this live store.

Come in and see our

Kuppenheimer Clothes at \$18 to \$35

They're better than ever and thus obviously better than others.

THE VIRGINIA NATIONAL BANK

Solicits Your Savings Account

\$1.00 Will Start an Account

WE ALLOW **4%**

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$500,000.00

Patronize those who patronize us.

